

# Story of Early Bassano Days

Adventures of Agent of Local Depot

"Nowadays," observed Rory McRae, "there's nothing ever happens on a railroad except work." Rory had just come in from a hard day's work and he was still in a drowsy mood. "Not entirely," Frank Wilson spoke up. "Sometimes there's a few high-spots of romance and excitement to sort of lighten the tedium. Did I ever tell you, mate, about Terry's fall, or the fight of Bassano?"

"We all said 'No'."

"All right then," said Frank. "Sit down and be good and when I finish you can say who's right, Rory or I."

"I was sitting in the waiting room of the station waiting to receive my acquaintance with Terry Owen the next morning. I had only been with us a day or two. He seemed rather strange at the business; he told me afterward that he had never been an agent before. Some boys, Bassano was, too; one desert, one for the section men, one for the coal men and one for us wipers—and a lone log building that was home, store and post-office combined."

"There wasn't what you would call a refining influence in the place—no women, chickens, cows, churches, not even a pig. There was coffee, of course, though it was the middle of February, and everything was buried. The nearest farmer was at least three miles out, but away back north along the Red Deer river there was a big settlement of Germans; in the C.P.R. they were sent here for their business."

"One of these ranchers came breezing in now—a big, whiskered chap, all bundled up in a doakskin coat. He stuck his head in the ticket window and spoke thus:

"Say, mate, has my cat reached this here depot?"

"Yes, I had a letter from Ellie & Co., last week, saying same would go forward by first train. I dunno as I figured much on that first-train trip, but knowing them four or five more, that cat should ought to be here now."

"This rule was Jerry's first customer; he had jumped up in considerable of a hurry and grabbed a bunch of papers."

"Your name please," he said politely.

"The post guard for him, pretty mean; it didn't need any great detective to get wise to the fact that he had been sampling some of the red liquor the P.M. used to keep in the back room for medical purposes only."

"What's my name got to do with this here cat?" he said finally. "I ain't adopting it. Do you want to know or does the cat?"

"Jerry explained about way-bills, bills of lading, and so on. That seemed to mollify the farmer somewhat, although he still acted touchy."

"Oh, all right," he said. "If that's the way it is, I don't mind giving you the story of my life."

William, Ormond French, born 1876 in Waverly, Iowa; Scotch parents, poor, but mostly honest; present address, Section 10, Township 31, Range 12, 40° 50' north; horses, forty-six; cattle, thirty-two; no dogs, no children, but the wife says—

"He ran out of breath here and Jerry guided into the conversation."

"That's quite sufficient, Mr. French, thank you, quite sufficient; we really didn't need so many details."

"I could see Jerry was a pretty one; he told me afterward he was a steady at every showing of the effects of liquor. He pulled a couple of sheets out of his bundle of records."

"Here we are," he said. Mr. W. O. French, of Bassano—no cat. Your property will be down in a few days—way-bills, Mr. French, shall be alone in show 'em how to do 'em. You'll wait 'em up?"

"Naturally. Think I came in twenty-five miles for nothing?" he said sarcastically.

"I come in for my cat and I want my cat. You heard that, way-bills along of I might say—"

# Presbyterian Veteran Gets Consideration

Santa Claus Pays a Visit to the Children

Santa Claus paid a visit to the Presbyterian church on Wednesday night and brought joy to scores of children. The annual Christmas entertainment was held and a crowded church was the result. The children did splendidly in their parts and the whole affair was a credit to the 80 day school and church.

During the evening the chairman, Rev. Mr. Patton, presented diplomas for bible memorization to Annie Jackson, Audrey Knapp and Irene Johnson. Annie Jackson repeated 145 verses of the bible without a mistake to earn her diploma.

Santa Claus had some resemblance to the sheriff and must be the same. He gave the kids a good time.

# Given Tax Exemption by Town Council

The council did the right thing with A. T. Connolly's request for exemption from taxes a year after his discharge from the army when the request was granted by unanimous vote on Monday night.

Mayor Bradin pointed out when the request came before the council that Mr. Connolly had to sacrifice his business to go overseas and thought his case was unique in this respect and should be dealt with apart from other soldiers' exemptions. Connolly's move, the request was granted and said that Mr. Connolly deserved exemption to give him a chance for re-establishment, he having been a good financial loss to the army.

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# Christmas Greetings

Two Christmas breeches the mightiest of all, the one for the man and the one for the woman. The man's Christmas is the merry tale. The woman's Christmas is the merry tale. The man's Christmas is the merry tale. The woman's Christmas is the merry tale.

The happy Christmas is a time of joy and peace. It is a time when we forget our troubles and rejoice in the love of God. It is a time when we give thanks for all that God has done for us and for the love of our fellow men.

And so we say to you, God bless Christmas, and may all our readers have a joyous one.

# \$3700 Worth of Diamonds Stolen

Consignment to Local Merchant Stolen in Transit from Registered Mail

Diamonds to the value of \$3700 were stolen in transit from a Toronto local jeweler to A. T. Connolly, local jeweler, this week. The package arrived by registered mail and when Mr. Connolly went to open the parcel before a customer he was dumfounded to discover the precious stones to be missing. The police authorities were advised and a detective came down to investigate.

The theft was absolutely done. The box was cut open and the diamonds extracted without the seal having been broken. To look at the parcel one would not imagine it to have been opened.

Mr. Connolly has since received word from Toronto that the parcel was insured and detectives are working on the case from that end where the robbery took place.

# Sure There Is a Santa Clause

Is there a Santa Clause? How many times has the question been asked? One thing is a little girl in Virginia who sought high authority for an answer to the question. She wrote to Charles A. Dana, one of the most famous men in the world, and asked him to write her a letter to tell her if there was a Santa Clause or not.

The girl's letter was published in the New York Times. It was a very simple letter, but it was a very good one. It was a letter from a little girl who was very sure that there was a Santa Clause.

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# Bassano Man Magistrate

A. G. Bond Appointed to That Position

A. G. Bond, the clerk of the judicial district court has been appointed magistrate for the district and will shortly take over the duties of that office. This appointment has been made for some time, owing to the dissatisfaction with existing conditions and the trouble of getting capable men to act as justices of the peace. Mr. Bond is well qualified to undertake the duties, having considerable experience in that line and being the possessor of a level head. His district will take in a considerable area and his duties will be in addition to those he now fulfills.

# Carnegy Sentenced

Given Two Years in Jail

Charles Carnegie was sentenced to two years in jail for stealing money and securities from the town of Bushy, while employed as secretary-treasurer. The case was tried by Judge Stewart in Calgary on Friday. James Short, crown counsel acted for the prosecution while Mr. Pocklington appeared for Carnegie. The jury found Carnegie guilty of the theft of approximately \$7,000 of town and hospital funds, and the accused pleaded guilty of charges.

# Raise Money For New Rink

Building Commenced This Week on New Structure.

With approximately \$2000 in the rink drive, the new rink is well on its way. The rink drive was held on Saturday last and was a great success. The rink drive was held on Saturday last and was a great success. The rink drive was held on Saturday last and was a great success.

# Bassano U.F.A. Local Elects 1921 Officers

The annual meeting of the Bassano local U.F.A. was held on Saturday in the Alberta hotel. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, John Glines; Secretary, Ben L. Plummer; Vice-President, Mrs. Harry Jones; Treasurer, A. V. Munner; Auditor, R. W. Poole; Directors—Florence M. Plummer, Mrs. Percy Powell, M. D. J. Glines, Mrs. A. V. Munner, Mrs. C. M. Fisher.

# Good Picture Show

Patrons of the Grand Theatre are assured of some fine pictures next week. This little playhouse is giving people of the district the real thing in up-to-date pictures. There is a show in that isn't a headliner and prices are no higher than in the cities. Just take a look at the program for next week and you can see the class of the films being presented. Manager Torgun certainly is to be complimented on his selection.

# Communications

To the editor:

In reference to Mr. McLean's remarks about the "municipal messes" quoted in your last week's paper, could you tell what particular remark of Messrs. is referred to. I have heard much of the peculiar remarks of Messrs. and fixed-up and fitted M.C. was maddened out by R. B. Bennett on his political platform for years past. Is this what you allude to? I am a native of this town and I am a native of this town and I am a native of this town.

Yours truly,

H. BACON.

# Meeting Considers School Affairs

Resolutions Passed at Local Gathering

A public meeting was held in the town hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, to consider a letter received from the Department of Education for the province of Alberta, asking for certain subjects to be included in the curriculum of the schools. It was moved by H. W. Ford, and seconded by Mr. P. Robinson, that the Board of Education should, to the extent of its power, recommend that the subjects of English, history, geography, and civics be included in the curriculum of the schools. The motion was carried.

# MAJORITYVILLE.

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# Land Pays for Itself In One Year

The low price of good land in Western Canada is one of the chief attractions to the farmer in other settled districts such as the eastern and mid-western states, where similar land costs ten times as much. Very often land can be purchased at very low prices.

It has been repeatedly pointed out that the cheap land of Alberta and Saskatchewan will produce heavier crops of grain and just as big returns financially as will land costing upwards of \$200 an acre in many other parts of Northern America. Another example of this is reported. Chances they came to Marville in central Alberta for \$28 an acre. His first crop has just been sent to market and his land at the current market price of wheat has paid him at the rate of \$66 an acre—about double the amount paid for the land from the first crop.

# Alberta Goes Dry

But Distillery Interests Want Time Extended

OTTAWA.—The returns of the all-Alberta plebiscite in Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan will probably be gazetted at the end of this week. When this step has been taken the day will fall of the federal government, of determining a date, after which all importations of liquor into the province for personal use will be prohibited.

In this regard it is likely that the government will take another step, and the prohibition of the Canada Temperance Act applying to districts in which no licenses exist. This prohibition of the sale of liquor in the province would come into effect on the day after the date of the plebiscite. The prohibition of the sale of liquor in the province would come into effect on the day after the date of the plebiscite.

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# MARRIAGES

Burgess-Polly.—At the Manor, Bassano, on Dec. 18th, by the Rev. T. P. Palmer, B.A., Albert Burgess and Polly Burgess were united in holy matrimony.

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# Intimate Little Tales

SOME EXPERIENCES OF HUMAN INTEREST UNDER-  
GONE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE BY EVERY-DAY PEOPLE

## PEACE AND GOODWILL

Lake of the Islands was the name of the place to which James Radford, student pastor, had been appointed. Together with his young wife, by the Presbyterian Church. He knew, little little about being a pastor, and Lake of the Islands was a hard charge. It appeared that for years a feud had been raging in the community which had divided the inhabitants into two schools of thought, the one faction holding that adult baptism, and that alone, was the correct method of obtaining eternal life, and the other holding that all that was necessary was to have a few drops of water sprinkled on one's infant brow, and salvation was assured.

It was in vain that James and Mary Radford tried to impress on the somewhat sulky and rather unneighborly country people that the details did not matter; that it was belief on the Christ of the Bible, and one's faith in His practice which gave peace and happiness; quite in vain. It only led to the young people being looked upon suspiciously as outsiders; their own folks feeling annoyed that they were not sufficiently partisan to the cause, and the other side, merely caused the recipients to shrink further into their shells, fearing that the new minister and his wife were out to try and convert them to the armies of the enemy, and that they were used to cool glances, even from their own parishioners, and their young hearts sank within them. They had started out with each love and with each faith to bring a message to these people who were so far away from civilization and their, together with their message of love and hope, were being rejected. They were soon made to feel that they were not wanted, for it did not need eyes as quick as Mary Radford's to notice the coldness in the manner of the women and the sheepishness in the attitude of the men towards them.

Lake of the Islands, as its name suggests, was a pretty place. Indeed "pretty" is a poor word to describe those winding roads, with miles of wooded spaces between the cottages which were picturesque if not unusual; the little white church about which there was so much contention, rising in head like a giant beside the lovely lake which mirrored indescribable sunsets, and at the corner there was a quaint old-world farm house which also included the postoffice of Lake of the Islands, and it was at this post office that Mrs. Burton reigned supreme.

In any circle Mrs. Burton would have been a leader. She was a tall, powerful looking woman, with head well tilted backward, and shrewd, scrutinizing eyes. As she remarked very pungently on one occasion, "There are women and women." She was one of the "women." She ruled her husband, the church and the community with a rod of iron. She knew everything in some inscrutable, mysterious way, and being postmistress, this led some to wonder, although there was never a spirit bold enough to wonder very loudly as to where Mrs. Burton got her information.

The faction of the community which she honored with the support of her religious belief, was well under her sway and she frowned on the erring unbelievers with the air of a tolerant parent who looks upon mischief for a certain length of time, knowing that he has the power and the authority to squelch the rebellious forces if he is so minded, but at present is not taking the trouble to do so.

Now Mrs. Burton, although she was a very busy church woman, indeed, perhaps because of this fact, did not desire a minister—more especially a minister and his wife at the Lake of the Islands, because a minister's wife even in a mission field, has a certain amount of dignity which must be upheld and catered to and heretofore Mrs. Burton had been undisputed mistress of all ceremonies such as "Ladies Aid" affairs, the new bazaar, the distribution of clothes which were sent to these far-off places by "Bible Bazaar" in larger and wealthier churches, and being a born ruler, she had accepted these offices quite naturally and felt much aggrieved, although in her proud heart she would not have confessed it, when Mary Radford, little pale slip of a city girl, whose soft eyes and quiet voice could

not altogether belie the fact that she was keen and observant, came to usurp her position. Now the missionary parcels had to be addressed to Mrs. Radford; now the secretaries of the other Ladies Aid wrote to Mrs. Radford; now at their own mission circle and Ladies Aid Mrs. Radford had to preside, and the once proud woman of the meetings had to take a secondary place and her heart was very sore.

And as the summer merged into fall and the fall soon became winter, the minister and his wife continued to log along in their buggy over the lone "lonecote trails" visited at the little farmhouses and tried to melt the ice. Mary learned many things in those days; learned to appreciate the beauty of the silent forests and the quiet roads, the wonder of the setting sunsets on the deep blue lake; learned to marvel that people living in the midst of such grandeur and mystery of nature should be so unappreciative of the splendour and mystery of nature about them. As she said quietly one perfect autumn day, "Where every prospect pleases, you enter the rest, don't you, James? James too, was learning many things; when the snow was gleaming on the white tops and the frozen lake was glistening in the sunlight, Mrs. Burton paced restlessly up and down her long stone kitchen floor.

"What ails ye Maggie?" at last asked "old man Burton," looking so wondrously at his usually composed and capable wife who considered that showing dislike belonged to the average women—not the "women." "Well," she said slowly, "the minister's wife."

"Is the child born yet?" "I don't know, I heard it was going hard with her," and Mrs. Burton continued her pacing. That little pale girl which had been so low smaller and paler during the last few months, was persistently before her and she felt that if the girl died she would never forget. She could have made her way so much easier; so many people would have liked to be friendly to the little thing; if only she had been more encouraging, but she had held aloof, while doing what she termed her duty, which consisted in attending church each Sunday and in having James and Mary to dinner each Sunday, and they had also held aloof and Mrs. Burton could not help feeling that at times the young, tender heart had been almost broken. And now—she could bear the inaction no longer, but put on her heavy coat and hat and went out without a word.

The child, she thought, might have gone away to a large city for this occasion and it would have been safer, but Mrs. Burton knew that the reason she had not gone was an account of the fact that the other women who had to live there, and who were unable to go to up-to-date and expensive hospitals, might feel that she was not plucky and that she was separating herself from their limitations and their trials. Yes, she was grumpy, there was no doubt of that, and they said she was going to die, die away here from all her relatives and friends because she wanted to let the women of this mission field see that she was one of them!

When she reached the little, low roofed, two-roomed shack in which the minister of the Lake of the Islands Presbyterian church lived, the doctor came out. She knew him well and she was almost afraid to frame the words which were on her lips.

He answered her unspoken thought, "Our patient is not out of danger, but she may rally. I will be back again," and passed on.

Mrs. Burton stepped into the little room which served as a study, kitchen, dining room, and sitting room. It was hung with gaily colored curtains, and board and doors, and displayed a pathetic effort for cheeriness on the part of the young mistress. At a plain deal table covered with clean white oilcloth, sat the Rev. James, his young face drawn and anxious. He looked up at her, how screaming wild the wind, how cold, how fearsome, how dreary, how tough, as long as you chose, before you left harbor, a staunch boat, and a good captain, as kind and as fast in time

"Before I was ill," whispered Mary, "I was thinking about you all and about Christmas—it's just another month you know, and for the sake of the Christ Child who made Christmas possible for us I did wish so much that we could have a reunion in the little white church, a Christmas tree, and everybody there, the fathers and mothers and the babies."

And a little while ago I was thinking that maybe I might die and go to a happier land where everyone understands. The young eyes looked very misty and weary as she said this, and Mrs. Burton's heart smote her as she realized the hurt which had been done the gentle nature by the world of misunderstanding through which she had vainly striven to smile her way during the past year.

"And," the sweet, tired voice continued, "if I should go to that happier land, it will hurt me to remember that James and my little new baby will be all alone in this snow covered country where there is no Peace and Goodwill, only misunderstanding and hate, and I wondered if you would promise me that he reunion should take place. You are clever and you know all the people so well—why would you do what you ask?"

"Oh my dear," sobbed Mrs. Burton, and the community would have been surprised if they had seen the tears coursing down her weatherbeaten face, "you must get well, I know I have been hard and unkind, but as you say, I did not understand. We people in the Lake of the Islands are practical and unromantic; we have strange hates and prejudices but we are not inhuman. Make yourself happy child, get better and I promise you a happy Christmas Day. I will do as you ask."

**Old Lady Smoking Causes Fire**  
An irresponsible old lady of the aged people's home in London, Ont., caused a fire which endangered the lives of over thirty other inmates and damaged the building to an extent of \$2,000. Prompt action by the matron and others averted a panic.

**Duties Proposed on Farm Products**  
Representative Young, bill establishing a permanent schedule of import duties on farm products proposed the following duties: Wheat 30c per bushel; corn 30c; corn 30c; barley 30c; hay 50c; apples 25c; peaches 30c; grapes 30c; pears 30c; plums 30c; cherries 30c; strawberries 30c; raspberries 30c; blueberries 30c; blackberries 30c; huckleberries 30c; currants 30c; gooseberries 30c; elderberries 30c; figs 30c; dates 30c; pineapples 30c; guavas 30c; limes 30c; lemons 30c; oranges 30c; tangerines 30c; mandarins 30c; satsumas 30c; pomelos 30c; grapefruit 30c; pomegranates 30c; figs 30c; dates 30c; pineapples 30c; guavas 30c; limes 30c; lemons 30c; oranges 30c; tangerines 30c; mandarins 30c; satsumas 30c; pomelos 30c; grapefruit 30c; pomegranates 30c.

**Christmas Day dawned bright and clear. It was an epoch in the lives of the inhabitants of Lake of the Islands. That afternoon all sorts and conditions of vehicles arrived at the little white church. Inside, the pastor, a bright expression on his somewhat serious face, with his wife just convalescent, and the Most Wonderful Baby in the World, whose eyes had borrowed some of the blue of the skies of the lake, supplanted by Mrs. Burton, whose caustic tongue had taken on a new softness, waited to receive the guests who arrived from far and near. It was a wonderful reunion. There were present on the "tree" for everyone. There was tea and cake for all, and the minister's wife and baby were parted "as such young and tender things deserve to be."**

And then an address was read by Mrs. Burton, representative of the community, to the effect that this reunion was but indicative of their desire to be united in future and to stand loyally together by their minister and his wife.

And before they went away, with the young minister's hand raised in benediction, they all sang "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Late that night the wind blew fiercely around the minister's cottage, but the minister paid little attention. He was too happy, so was his wife. They sat together on the little cot in the adjacent room of a child's even breathing could be heard.

Han't it been a wonderful day," she said softly resting her hand on James' shoulder. "Very," agreed James, "but," he added, "I know a more wonderful thing than that is my little wife."

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# Bulletin Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

## Ship Trip to Oil Fields

Oil prospectors of Vancouver are considering a plan to use a long distance airplane if one is procurable in the hope that they may be able to enter the district in the spring. The district is approximately 600 miles from the coast and Major Medhurst, superintendent of the Jericho station of the air board thinks the idea is quite feasible.

## Acquitted on Murder Charge

A special appeal to the Edmonton Bulletin from Grande Prairie states that Daniel Lough, charged with the Snyder murder near there has been found not guilty by the jury after they had been out for an hour. It is also reported from Peace River that owing to lack of evidence, the case against Monchose, charged with the Hillis murder last June had been called off as a result of lack of evidence. The acquittal of Lough leaves the mystery of the killing of the six men at Grand Prairie still unsolved.

## New Trial Is Granted Nickle of Calgary

The judgment made by Mr. Justice Walsh in the trial of Stanton A. Nickle against whom a charge of manslaughter was laid in the supreme court, following the death of Mrs. W. Campbell, who was struck by an automobile driven by Nickle in Calgary, August has been overruled by a judgment of the appellate division of the supreme court of Alberta. As a result of this decision, Nickle will again be placed on trial on a manslaughter charge.

## Alberta House to Meet January 20

It is probable, although no definite date has been set, that the next session of the Provincial Legislature will be called about Jan. 20. Premier Stewart and Hon. C. Mitchell, provincial treasurer, leave for Ottawa Saturday night to take part in the conference with Premier Meighen and his federal colleagues on the question of restoration of the natural resources of the three western provinces.

## Caruso Burns Blood Vessel

Enrico Caruso, tenor, burst a blood vessel in his throat while singing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently. The accident which it is said is not serious occurred during the first act of Donizetti's "L'Elisir D'Amore," but the tenor did not stop until the end of the act. The manager, in dismissing the audience, said "Mr. Caruso assures me he is willing and even anxious to finish the performance if you wish him to. It is for you to decide."

"No," was the answer from almost every person in the big theatre, which was crowded.

## Drawn By NEEL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1920, International Picture Service, Inc.

## Plague Struck

Johnny McIntyre, well known politician, is at present lying in a hospital at Saskatoon in a critical condition, while the police are holding a man named D. A. McLeavel for the same. It appears that liquor played an important part in a "party" which the two men attended before the fight took place.

## Fatally Injured

Johnny Matthews, five years old, was struck down by an automobile in front of his home in Vancouver and died as a result of his injuries a few hours later. The police are looking for the driver of the car.

## Mannix Out of Sympathy with Government

Archbishop Mannix of Australia, interviewed by the Sunday Times regarding the possibility of a truce between the Sinn Féin organization and the British government declared he deeply regretted the turn events had taken, "as peace now is more remote than ever." He stated he feared the government's idea of a truce was one-sided and meant unjust surrender. He described the proclamation of martial law as "sheer madness."

## Lost No Time

Annie W. P. Conroy, former New York society girl and Rudolph J. Boder, were married in Washington at 12.01 o'clock and some minutes after the bride had obtained a divorce. Their children by previous marriage were present in the wedding party.

## Caruso Burns Blood Vessel

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"No," was the answer from almost every person in the big theatre, which was crowded.

## Killed in Collision

Seven people were killed and thirty injured in a head-on collision between two passenger trains. The collision occurred outside the station at Armentieres, France.

## Wife His Mother-in-Law

Walter Thornton, a Paducah cooper, married his mother-in-law on Thanksgiving day and the honeymoon lasted four days. They were arrested on a charge of violating the Kentucky statute which says that "a man shall not marry the mother of his wife." Thornton married Miss May Hale five years ago. Recently he obtained a divorce on the grounds of infidelity, and he and his young daughter continued to live at the home of the mother-in-law.

## Four Children Burned to Death

Four children, ranging in age from one to six years, were burned to death near Winner, S.D., recently. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schumann, were so badly burned that it is thought they will not recover. It is believed that Mrs. Schumann used kerosene in starting a fire in the kitchen between 10 and 70 years ago. He was six feet ten inches when in his prime and even when he approached the century mark he was more than six feet tall.

## Pioneer Passes Away

One of Manitoba's oldest pioneers, John McLeod, 99 years old, and a descendant of the original Lord Selkirk settlers, died in Winnipeg last week. Mr. McLeod was a giant in stature and performed many amazing deeds of strength in Fort Garry between 10 and 70 years ago. He was six feet ten inches when in his prime and even when he approached the century mark he was more than six feet tall.

Frequently in the days of pioneers Mr. McLeod walked the long Whittemore to Winnipeg with mule, a distance of 61 miles. Before there were even trains or roads in Western Canada he covered many miles on foot and by water between the Hudson's Bay posts scattered throughout the country.

He was married to Georgina Franklin, daughter of James Franklin, Hudson's Bay factor, in 1850. They were the first couple to be married in old Kildonan Church by Rev. John Black.

Mrs. McLeod tells of pioneer days when school children travelled 20 miles to receive their education for which they had to pay \$1 a month. Her husband knew Manitoba like a book and among his friends were many old timers including Archbishop Manning, Sheriff McLean and many others prominent in the early life of the country.

Up to the last few days of his life Mr. McLeod was able to sit up and read a newspaper without the help of anyone.

Two brothers and three sisters are surviving members of the original family of John McLeod. He has four sons and two daughters, 36 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren.

—NELL BRINKLEY.



## The Bassano Mail

81.50 a Year, \$2.00 to U. S. A.

Leonard D. Noblit, Publisher

### Too Much Compulsion

The medical council of Alberta has forwarded a request to the legislature that vaccination be made compulsory in Alberta and a legal enactment to that effect be passed at the coming session. We believe that vaccination is the best preventative against smallpox but doubt the advisability of passing a law compelling everybody to be vaccinated. People nowadays are surfeited with compulsory measures, affecting personal rights and it is about time to call a halt to the seemingly endless chain of such legislation. An educational campaign would be much preferable to what the doctors propose. People will stand for only a certain amount of legal limitations on their everyday liberties and then an outburst will assuredly follow. We believe the doctors are well meaning and probably their actions in passing the resolution may be based on the desire for humanity's welfare, but humanity likes to judge for itself occasionally.

### Mix More

Isn't it possible old men, that you are "sticking round home" a little too much for your own good? That is, isn't it really necessary for you to mingle more with men, if you would have them learn more about your ability and capability and thus increase your success?

In your workaday life the men whom you would like to know of your accomplishments you have no way of meeting.

Then how do you expect they will learn to know you?

You may think affiliation with lodges, club membership and things of this sort are foolish but they are the connecting link in the chain of many a man's success.

Acquaintance is valuable, you gain new ideas by association with the right sort of men, men interested in you from mutual ties.

Love your home, but don't forget that you are a man among men, and your home demands the best you can get for it, and that means a certain amount of mingling with men to gain a new viewpoint on life as it is in the world where you earn your living.

### CRAZY TIMES

Strike and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone. Our souls are ablaze with Bohemian craze, and the wildest that ever was known.

Green and there'll be a chorus, smile and you make no hit; For we've grown long hair and we preach despair and show you a daily fit.

Spend and the gang will cheer you, save and you have no friend; For we throw our backs to the birds and the ducks and borrow from all who'll lend.

Knock and you'll be a winner, honest and you'll be a fool; For the same old ways of the programme lost.

Strike and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone.

For we'd rather yell and raise hell than strive for an honest home. Want and you are a leader, tell and you are a nut; 'Twas a little day when we pulled away from the old-time work-day rut.

Wait and there'll be a blow-up, watch and you'll see a slump; And the facts and crimes of these crazy times will go to the nation's dump.

### Merry Christmas

A little snow makes it more like real Christmas weather.

The curling rink will be completed soon and "hooray" who cares for cold weather!

And then there's Ireland with its policy of self-extermination.—Ottawa Citizen.

Eventually, no doubt, pedestrians will wear bumpers.—Cobalt, Ont., Nugget.

An American writer calls the Canadian border "the far flung bottle line."

An Irishman's inalienable rights consist in life, liberty and the pursuit of constables.—London, Ont., Advertiser.

Another life cut short by the use of tobacco. An Indian, aged 138, was buried to death in California, when the sparks from his pipe ignited his clothing.—St. Thomas Ont., Times Journal.

The school board lost a faithful servant when R.H. Struthers was defeated. We believed Mr. Struthers erred in resigning and his policy, while a splendid one if at all feasible, is financially impossible. Mr. Struthers was a good chairman and should have stayed where he was.

### LOOKING BACKWARD

Dec. 17, 1914.—The result of the election for council was: Milroy 26, McKee 26, Travis 64, McCauley 56, Hagey 25, Meyer Wallace Flanagan is serving another term, as mayor. 107 votes were cast.

There are 16 children on the roll at the public school.

At the convention of Bow Valley Conservatives, J. S. Mayor received the nomination of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Muir are leaving for Drumheller where Mr. Muir is opening a great furniture store.

Gec. Deshaenias has gone to Montreal to confer with the C.P.R. re his summary dismissal from the company service after being in their employ for over 20 years.

The local ministers put on a good program at the Gem theatre. Among those who took part were Wm. Macchison, Ken McClary, W. D. Bond, Mr. Johnson, Chas. Macleod, O. Duestler, A. H. Swain, J. Allen, C. T. Mitchell and B. J. Klebe.

C. R. Douglas was in town Monday bringing his son Deane in to return to his battalion, the 31st, now in training in Calgary.

The school board is very much disappointed as the lack of attendance in the high school classes. If the attendance does not improve, the classes will be discontinued.

### RAISING OF VALUES

The world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, says Emerson, "and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows."

The men who first takes the rough bar of iron may be a blacksmith, who has to subdue the steel along his anvil. He thinks that the best possible thing he can do with it is to make it into horseshoes, and con-

tinuate himself in his anvil. Along comes a cutter with a little better equipment, a little better tool, and says to the blacksmith "Is this all you can do in this bar of iron?" Given a little more equipment, and he says to the blacksmith "Show me what brains and skill and hard work can make of it." He takes the iron, carbonizes the steel, tempers it, and finally cuts out 20,000 worth of nails blades worth of the blacksmith saw only 100 worth of the horseshoes. A third artisan turns the rough bar into the fine needle, thinking he has exhausted the possibilities of the iron. But behold another skilled mechanic, with a more finely organized mind, a more delicate touch, a higher order of skill, returns the product of his bar into his anvil. For watches.

A higher artisan still, appears who tells us that the rough bar has not even yet found the highest expression. He puts the bar through many processes of refinement and, fine tempered and in triumph, he produces into almost invisible coils of delicate hair-springs.

After infinite toil he has raised the value of the iron bar to one million dollars. If a metal pen missing only a few coarse material qualities, is capable of such marvellous increase in value by mixing brains with its molecules, who shall set bounds to the possibilities of the development of a human being, that wonderful compound of physical, mental, moral and spiritual forces?

Whereas in the development of iron, a dozen processes are usually a thousand influences may be brought to bear upon mind and character. Life, everyday life, has counter-parts of all the tortures the iron undergoes, and through them it comes to the highest expression.

Theology of emotion, the physical and want and woe, the fiery trials of disaster and bereavement, the crucifixion of constant difficulties, the heroic that only absorption, these are necessary to the man who would reach the highest success.

The extent to which you raise your life far depends very largely upon yourself. Whether you go upwards to the stamping or hair-spring class depends very largely upon your trial, your determination to be the higher thing, upon your having the grit to be hammered, to be drawn out, to be thrust from the fire into cold water or oil in order to get the proper temper.

Of course, it is hard and painful and it takes lots of stamina to undergo the processes that produce the finest product, but would you prefer to remain in a safe bar of iron, or a horseshoe all your life?

### BASSANO POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS

Mail to dispatch are closed at this office as follows:

No. 3 going west on main line, at 4 p.m.

No. 4 going east on main line, at 4:40 p.m.

Bassano-Englewood line, taking in Rosemary, Duchess, Millicent, Patricia, Edouard, Alton, Jeanne, Blodine, Camille, Buffalo, Borden, Stevedore, 7 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Bassano-Standard line, taking in Melrose, Hussar, Chancelier, Standard, Taylor, Richmond, 12 noon Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

For Gem, 10 a.m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Night trains, east and west, main line, 10 p.m.

Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:

No. 3 from east at 5 p.m.

No. 4 from west at 5:40 p.m.

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# The Personal Side

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW

## MR. PETER HOURS

A Great Exemplar of the Mixed Race—Peace Maker Between Red and White—Hudson's Bay Man—Interpreter

Who was Peter Hourie? Many of your readers may know; but to many Peter Hourie will be but a name. Let Peter Hourie speak for himself. In the summer of 1901 the great half breed had been reduced to the rank of farm instructor on the Crooked Lakes (Broadview) Reserve, a victim to the determination of Clifford Sifton to reduce the expenses of the Indian Department at pretty nearly any cost. And he went to the Hon. Edgewood Dwyer, the old Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the subjoined letter. It has never been published for the very simple reason that the proud old man could not bring himself to stoop to send it. Peter Hourie handed me the letter, and now thirty-one years afterwards, when Peter and the man to whom it was written, have been for some years in their graves, I give it to the public. It will be seen that Peter's language does not conform very well to the English standard, but I give the letter as he wrote it, for it is better so.

Lake May Reserve, July 31, 1901.

Dear Honourable Sir—

I beg to you most humbly to ask of which you know I have I think some more faithfully in all my undertakings as a faithful servant to the country, and the bringing of peace and friendship with the white and redskin or Indian in peace and harmony with each other.

My long service with the governing of the Indians of the country, I beg to ask of your most kindness to intercede for me now in my time of life in serving the government since 1880, besides years before me in 1877 and '78 up to the present day. Has any one done for the government more than I have done? You know that when any trouble was expected I was always ordered to the place and as good luck would have kept everyone in good faith towards the white. You know the year the Marquis of Lorne passed through the country I was with the party, when the Indian Commissioner sent me back with so many thousands (of dollars) to Qu'Appelle which I delivered to the Indian Agent, Colonel MacDonald, and then was sent to Fort Walsh to induce the Indians, who were belonging to several parts of the country to return to their birthplaces. All this you know I accomplished the years of 1882 and 1883 as you may say with my life in my hand. All this I remind; they (the Government) may have overlooked, as at the present time I should think the Government would look into this, as now I am getting old being now in my 73rd year of my age, and being troubled with rheumatism and other ailments I must say my services are not as I would like to serve.

You know in the year of 1880 you could not get the Indian Chief to choose out his reserves, and I was called upon by Prince Albert, Sask., to talk to these Indians and get all of them to take up their reserves, and they are still being troubled since. Now after all my services for the good of the country is the Government going to overlook all my good service and not allow me any recompense for all my past service, I must say the Government is giving me \$40 a month as farm instructor. I have acted as interpreter as well. This is a very small figure I think for the good I have done for the country. I think that the Honourable Government could give me more to live on and retire for the remainder of my days. Many men never have done for the country as I have given thousands for pension for life. I would like to serve faithfully to the end. Hoping that you honourable gentlemen will use your influence and do some good for me.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,  
PETER HOURS

### HIS CLOSING YEARS

Let me tell what I know of the closing years of the great half-breed peace maker. I think it was in 1901 that I was Peter's guest for three days on the Crooked Lakes Reserve, where he ranked as farm instructor. He had lived for a while on the high land where he could look out upon the prairie, but now he was located in the old dissolved Indian grist mill, which was in an embayed hollow by the lake side, and from which there was no view. He was badly wanting to get back on the open where he could look out. This was at this time over 60, and I found him suffering from rheumatism. I state, for what it is worth, that when we got fairly down to talk I heard no more complaints of rheumatism. Mr. Hourie was always visiting her children in Regina, and a grand-daughter, about fourteen years of age, was keeping house. For three days Peter and I and the little girl held the fort alone. An odd Indian dropped in, and an occasional half-breed, but during the time I was there no white visitor came. I have wondered since what the little girl thought of me and her grandfather, for I don't think two old men ever roared and laughed so much since Adam. Peter was certainly not without dignity, but he also had humour. The way of it was that I would get Peter talking of his life and experiences, and when I thought he had done enough I would take hold and trot him through London and other places with the life of which he was not familiar. And so the talk oscillated between the old and the new, between ultra-civilized things and things very close to nature indeed. And I glimpsed a great soul; a great exemplar of all that was best in two great races—in red and white. I was the better enabled to do this, because all Peter's Indian reserve melted away in those three days, and I think I saw him as he was. And truly, he had nothing to be envious, for a more honourable man than Peter Hourie I have never seen in my life to meet.

### The Hourie House in Regina

When Peter was chief interpreter to the Indian Department which then had its western headquarters in Regina, he bought a frame house on the west end of Albert and Dewdney, just a lot or two back. It had been swept away for several years. In the Klondike rush and excitement the Indian Department wanted pemmican made for the Mounted Police and others on duty in the Yukon, and as usual, turned to Peter. Mr. Hourie was a grand old prince of a woman, as noble in her way as Peter was in his. With the mission of a queen, she made him the pemmican at the old Hourie house. It, of course, was made of beef, but the beef was treated in exactly the same way as the Indians used to treat the buffalo, and the pemmican was of the very best. When Peter could no longer do any kind of duty

he left the Crooked Lakes Reserve and went up to his old home in Regina, to spend his last years; and it was there he died.

### A Last Meeting With Peter

Peter had once lived for a considerable time in the Prince Albert country. I was going into that district, and so I called on Peter to see if I could do anything for him there. I found him lying on the outside of the bed, dressed, and apparently not suffering. We had a great talk, and I promised him that I would call on my return, and report progress from Prince Albert.

While away I visited Mrs. Kennedy's farm, a few miles from Prince Albert. Mrs. Kennedy was a leading woman of the mixed race, and a cousin, I think, of the Rev. Canon Flett, who was at one time well-known in the Territories as a school inspector. I found the Canon had taken up his residence there, and it was a great pleasure to meet him, as I knew him extremely well—better than most. On the place was a log building, and this was pointed out to me by the Canon, as the building in which Peter Hourie had kept store for trading with the Indians and breeds, many long years before. The building was in excellent preservation. This was in the summer. On my return to Regina I started one evening to go up to Peter's to report as per promise. On my way I sat down to smoke and rest, on the wing of the Albert Street subway, and when I got through it was dark, and I thought I would not make so late a call after all. And in a day or so Peter Hourie was dead, and to my lasting regret, I never made that report after all. Mr. Hourie was a Freemason and an Anglican. The funeral service was from St. Paul's Church. I was there. I remember that among those present to pay a last tribute to the grand old man, was Jimmy Brown, who has since passed away.

### His Father's Word

We have dealt with Mr. Hourie's closing years first. We will now re-commence, as it were, at the right end of life's chapter.

Peter was born in 1827 in the Stone Fort country in the Selkirk settlement. His father was a native of the Orkney Islands, a tall, big man who had been a soldier in the British Army and who had fought as a cavalryman at the battle of Waterloo. His father had the sword he used in that famous battle, and Peter told me that as a boy he had often played with it. In the rebellion of 1869-70, his father lent the sword to some loyal half-breeds and he never got it back. Peter remarked that though the rebels must have got it somehow, and further told me that he had seen a scar on his father's side made by a sword.

Speaking of his family stock Peter said, "The Hourie family, my father's family, came from Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands. The graves of the Houries are in the Kirkwall churchyard. A man who had been there told me they were all awful legths and that my ancestors must have been a race of giants." My father used to be in charge of the fort at the forks of the Red Deer River and the Saskatchewan. He was then in the service of the Hudson's Bay. He retired from that service, and had a farm at Park's Creek. The creek was named after a carpenter named Park, who came from the old country. The farm was half way between two forts—Fort Garry and the Stone Fort or Fort Selkirk."

Peter's mother was a Snake Indian. I asked him if she was a full-blooded Indian, and he said she was, but she had been brought up by Chief Factor Bird, and had white ways. Of this Indian lineage were seven sons, and no daughters. Mrs. Hourie had been previously married to a settler named Corbett, and she had one son James, who was eventually drowned in the Red River, near the old Hourie homestead.

### Religion: Prays in the Open

Peter's life as a boy did not differ much, if any, from that of any other son of a Selkirk settler. He was brought up as a member of the Anglican Church and during the whole of his life he remained in communion with that church, and as we have already seen, the last words said over his body was the Anglican ritual for the burial of the dead. Although he made no paragon professions of piety, his religion was a reality with him, and he was not ashamed of it.

An old timer in the north country named Miller, told me that he came across Peter Hourie once, and they made camp together. Before they went to sleep he said Peter knelt down and "put up a real fine prayer, right in the open." Miller seemed to think there was something remarkable about Peter doing it "in the open," as if he would have expected him to sink behind a tree or something of that sort. But that was not a Peter's way.

With the Hudson's Bay Co.—Pile of Bones Crossing—Also a Free Trader and Farmer before entering Government Service

At 18 years of age Peter Hourie joined the Hudson's Bay service. Lord Strathcona, when 90 years of age, told us in the Regina City Hall, that he was never happier than when in the Hudson's Bay service, getting twenty pounds a year. Well, twenty pounds a year, or say eight dollars a month, was what the stalwart young settler started on with the Hudson's Bay Company. He was with the Hudson's Bay for many long years before a railroad to this country was ever dreamed of, but he also did some free trading.

Here is an extract from Peter's conversation as I noted it: "For 24 winters I had nothing over me only the canopy of the blue sky. No wonder I am crippled up with rheumatism. I was with the Company, but I also did some free trading. I was at the crossing of the Pile of Bones. Formerly the Indians used to run buffalo at the crossing of the Pile of Bones. They would make big corrals and the walls of the enclosure would be perhaps four feet wide and ten high, so that when the buffalo were driven into the corral they could not jump over or break out. I took part in all that. I have stood on Pilot Butte and seen the prairie black with buffalo. I was eight or nine years free trading. I was also farming in the Prince Albert district."

### First Flour Mill Built in Saskatchewan in 1875

Peter said: "Myself and another man put up the first flour mill that was built in Saskatchewan. The other man's name was Beeds. It was a wind mill, and it was put up at the mouth of the Stony River, where the Hudson's Bay Company had a store for grinding the flour were brought up from Winnipeg by George McKay. They were brought up in wagons, not Red River carts. The mill stones were pretty large, so it required four-wheel wagons instead of two-wheeled carts. That was the first year wagons were brought into use. Put it up in 1875. It was Geo. McKay's mill, but Beeds and I put it up."

### First Missionary

Mr. Nesbitt was the first white missionary that was there. He was there a year or two before he had a school for the Indians. He was a Presbyterian. Then came Bishop McLean from Winnipeg. The settlers all drew together and built the log church.

(To be Continued.)

# Peoples of the Indians

## AND THEIR HALF BROTHERS

RELATED BY ONE WHO DWELT LONG AMONGST THEM—PICTURESQUE TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS OF THE NATIVES OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

HAYTER REED AND HIS POLICY—AN ABLE AND ZEALOUS PUBLIC SERVANT—THE PROGRESS OF THE INDIANS—ADMINISTRATION OF PUBLIC MONEY.

In taking a retrospective glance at the administration of Indian affairs in Western Canada, there is one name that stands out prominently and pre-eminent, one man who towers head and shoulders above all others. That man was Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner for Manitoba and the North-West Territories from 1887 to 1894.

### Change in Policy

Prior to his appointment as Indian Commissioner this office had been merged with that of Lieutenant-Governor, so that Lieutenant-Governors Alexander Morris, David Laird, and Edgar Dewdney each in succession discharged the duties of Indian Commissioner.

In 1884, owing to the increasing duties of the position the office of Indian Commissioner was created and Mr. Reed received the appointment under Governor Dewdney.

In 1887 the first West-Indian Commissioner was created and Mr. Reed received the first representation in the House of Commons.

### First Dominion Election

Lieut.-Governor Dewdney having accepted the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, a position carrying with it the office of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs for all Canada, was in February, 1887, elected as member for the newly-created Federal constituency of Eastern Assiniboia. At this juncture the offices of Indian Commissioner and Commissioner were separated, Joseph Royal being appointed Governor, Assiniboia, and Mr. Reed promoted to the position of Commissioner, the office of Assistant Commissioner going to Mr. Forster.

Mr. Reed never lost sight of the time he had been Clerk of the Executive Council in the Territorial Government.

### Solving Problems

Hayter Reed was a man of strong mental grasp. The problem of making useful and loyal Canadians out of an Indian population of many thousands scattered over Western Canada, from the Red River on the east, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, was before him for solution. Manfully and courageously he grappled with the situation. Their needs were studied in tours of personal contact and interviews. Their difficulties were analyzed, and a broad, generous policy was adopted. Agents were consulted and advised, and clear, well-defined plans were mapped out.

### Difficulties of the Position

It must not be dreamed that Mr. Reed's task was an easy one. In the administration of a policy involving the expenditure of millions of dollars of Government funds, and hundreds of men were found bent upon exploiting the Indian and his needs, and upon subverting the Government's policy.

### A Zealous Officer

To those whose privilege it was to work under him it was no secret that Mr. Reed lived and thought and spoke and wrote for the Indian's uplift and to point out to him the way to better things.

### The Transition Period

Not the least among the difficulties met with was the pauperizing effect of the ration system, under which for twenty years and more the Indian received his daily bread free of charge, from the ration houses maintained on the reservations. And while this was the only practical system to be followed during the transition period when the Indian was being transformed from a nomadic hunter to a settled farmer, the Commissioner found himself confronted with the fact that the Indian was being pauperized, the value and the dignity of becoming self-supporting, and the removal of the Indian from the reservation lowered at the same time, so long as he was accepting his daily bread from the Queen's bounty hand.

### Want of Vision

It was a cause of no small concern to the Commissioner that among those under him, and chiefly among those coming into daily contact with the Indian, was a few did not share in his enthusiasm.

### A New Appointment

Mr. Reed later accepted an ap-

pointment, or catch his vision of the great future awaiting the red man of the west. Men of other prominent positions in the Department could get no other view-point than that the "poor Indian" could not be other than a poor Indian.

### The School Question

It was Mr. Reed who faced and solved the Indian school question. He it was who planned and organized the present admirable system of boarding and industrial schools, gradually wiping out the reserve day school, so long the hobby of Departmental forgers.

Mr. Reed was a thorough disciplinarian, but in the broadness of his term.

### Discipline

I have a recollection of being told by a boy, by a man who at that time, was prominent in the manufacturing world, of a remark he had once received, of a representative of the Indian Commissioner.

In explaining something that had displeased his employer, he had ventured to say, "Well, I thought the Commissioner was a little bit of a disciplinarian."

"Who pays you, you think?" thundered the boss, "you are to do as you are told—not to think."

The Commissioner's discipline was not of this type.

It was Mr. Reed who was called in to the Regina office from reserve activities in June, 1891, and placed in charge of the administration of the school affairs. This appointment covered all the schools—whether of the Day, Boarding or Industrial type—from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies.

### Tact and Diplomacy

It will be readily understood that in dealing with Indian school matters, where so many religious denominations were anxious to assist in the civilization of the savage, and where the question of different "spheres of influence" might crop up at any moment, the Commissioner would at times find the situation a delicate one, requiring tact and diplomacy.

### Staff Responsibility

I recall one occasion some time after assuming charge of the school department, being called into the Commissioner's office by the electric buzzer when among other kind things he said: "Now it goes without saying that not a few matters of record must be kept up to date, and be more familiar to you than to me, because of my frequent long absences from the office. So I must necessarily hold you responsible in a large degree for information. Not only so but, if you find any time, from want of details, likely to make a mistake, you should not hesitate to warn me. This is a duty I lay great stress upon."

It was this attitude toward his staff—making them co-workers and not mere subordinates—that won their loyalty and attachment.

In 1894 the Hon. T. Mayne Daly became Minister of the Interior and e-officio Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He was not long after assuming office in discovering that there was considerable decaying timber in the Indian Office at Ottawa.

Mr. Lawrence Vankoughnet, Deputy, was superannuated.

### New Blood Wanted

In his search for new blood the Minister was slow to see the need for the vacant position Mr. Reed was head and shoulders over any other choice. As a result, Mr. Reed left Regina for Ottawa. And now the western Indian had a friend at court, a friend sympathetic and helpful, a friend who knew their problems and had a solution.

### Election of 1896

Then came the general election of 1896 and the return of the Liberal Government to power. The party exigencies of the day called for diaminals. Regardless of talent, efficiency or usefulness, removal was the order of the day.

### Decapitations

In this wholesale slaughter Mr. Reed was superannuated and Canada lost the services of the best and most capable officer in her employ.

### A New Appointment

Mr. Reed later accepted an ap-

### Benefit of New Dishes

"Never eat it in my life."

Over and over again I meet people whose eating habits are confined to the most limited routine; they know eggs and bacon, and potatoes and pie, but they seldom allow their tastes to wander into new eating areas. These persons, persisting in thinking as "quers" any food which falls outside their prescribed eating habits, again, if they have been accustomed to eat a certain food in special way, they refuse to be taught that the same food would taste equally delicious if served in an entirely different manner.

The more different ways in which the can cook and serve the most nourishing foods, the greater the delight and pleasure we will have in our meals. But further, the more different ways in which we can cook and serve the most nourishing foods, the less our food preferences take the form of a "chop" husband costs more to feed than the man who enjoys spaghetti, the goulash and vegetable loaf; the "quers" persist in thinking as "quers" any food which falls outside their prescribed eating habits, again, if they have been accustomed to eat a certain food in special way, they refuse to be taught that the same food would taste equally delicious if served in an entirely different manner.

If we think a moment, we will see how hundreds of persons limit the enjoyment of their food by causing their expense solely by their refusal to broaden their horizons. There is a family I know who eat only the "library-pasts" family, because in that house "everything" is eaten in a "library" style, in a white or cream sauce.

Then there is the family who "never heard" of bean loaf, or of food preferential stalks of corn, or of a vegetable, or who never at chiecy salad, or beet roots, or carrot custard, or baked bananas.

In the past when I have recommended to women this venture into new eating, I have always been met with the answer, "Oh, my husband won't eat 'made dishes' or any of these substitute foods he has been brought up to eat."

There may be exceptions, of course, but I seem to have noted that many, many husbands escape from the "best home cooking" quite frequently, and find their way downtown into little foreign restaurants, where they eat chop-nuey, spaghetti and risotto, a savory French ragout and gnocci and goulash, for which they pay double the price of the food.

In the number of such foreign eating places seem proof that even the "quers" are beginning to realize that can husband likes "quers" new foods, if those foods taste good!

The time to train husbands is before they are married, and it involves on the mothers of the present generation, to see that they raise up a different race of husbands for the future, and begin to train the children in varied eating habits.

It has been one of the great assets of this nation that we have had such a varied food supply. But it will be a still greater asset to the nation if its women become mistress in the art of utilizing that food supply to the best advantage. This means increased knowledge of food value, and the art of cooking plain, inexpensive, simple foods in appetizing, delicious ways. We want to eat foods we have never eaten before, because we must; because it will greatly increase our pleasure and delight in the food we eat. It is the best dietetics to have great variety and contrast in the diet; and—last but not least—will greatly benefit flattened household pocketbooks.

Try these plans: Two new dishes a week; setting a flat size for dinner; and try to make a meal of it by seeing how much value and variety may be had for food prices; using the substitute foods in a totally new dish; copying a foreign dish; never using a vegetable, in the same style for a two weeks period.

### Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

### "Pre-Matrimonial" Astronomy

It was a beautiful moonlight night and they were taking a stroll down the beach.

"Does the moon affect the tide?"

He: "No, dearest, only the untid-

pointment with the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. as general manager of their chain of hotels, from coast to coast. Canada lost, it is said, the best service of the best of being served by a man whose whole public career was marked by honesty of purpose and devotion to duty.





## McKEE'S STORES

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"Always at Your Service"

Bassano



**25** per cent

**REDUCTION**

1-4 OFF, on

Dolls, Teddy Bears and all  
Toys, Fancy Chinaware, etc.

**DAINTY GIFTS**

**FOR LADIES**

**Bargains Galore!**

## Local and Personal

Mrs. Holley has been visiting Mrs. Wilson in Millmont.

Mayor Brodin attended the trial of Chas. Carney in Calgary last week.

A number of high school students were entertained at a dance, at Craig's last Friday evening.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Reid of Gem in the Bassano hospital on December 18th.

The school was closed this week for the Christmas holidays. Re-opening day will be Jan. 3rd, 1921.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eckley of Husar at the Bassano hospital on December 22nd.

Miss Marion Bond of Medicine Hat is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. H. Struthers.

Mrs. A. G. Scott and son left on Tuesday to spend Christmas with friends in Minot, Van.

M. R. Milroy attended the meeting to organize a Bow Valley hockey league, held at (Helen) Wednesday night.

What participation in the league will be made by the school and them to your honor.

Lorne Webster is president of the Bow Valley Hockey League and the first game will be played here Jan. 3rd when Gleichen will be the opponent.

The officers of Brooks and Bassano lodges will be jointly installed at a meeting to be held here Monday night next. E. H. McCaugherty, district deputy grand master, will have charge of the ceremony. A turkey supper will be served at six o'clock.

John Mackenzie, publisher of the Strathmore Standard, is now a proud father, Mrs. Mackenzie having presented him with a baby daughter on December 10th.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Thompson of Husar, at the Bassano hospital on Saturday, Dec. 18th.

Those who attended the dance at Brooks on Wednesday night were: Misses Imley, Smith, Fiske, Mrs. Bulmer and Messrs. O'Brien, Lemley, Barrieau and Nutter.

Miss McArthur is now stenographer for Judge Bond and Sheriff McGregor. Miss O'Connor of Stand and has taken Miss McArthur's former position with Burns, Mavor & McLean.

The first snowfall of the season came last Sunday and the thermometer dropped down to 23 degrees below zero. This is the official record furnished by Mr. Angell from the record taken by employees at the dam. The people of southern Alberta enjoyed the finest fall weather for years until the present cold snap arrived.

(Calgary Herald)

On his way to Bassano to take the position of secretary-treasurer of that town, R. J. Fells, of Garman, was in Calgary, Mo. day. Mr. Fells was president of the Board of Trade at Carman, and also a justice of the peace in that town when he accepted the Bassano appointment. Before coming to Alberta he was the commissioner of public works at Chelms, Ontario, for 19 years.

Leslie Grosmith, who put on such a punk performance in Bassano a couple of weeks ago, besides having the disgusting bad manners to get up in public and abuse local citizens, got away without paying the school kiddies the commission he promised them for selling tickets. His rotten show might have been overlooked but the highwayman act deserves some kind of salutary punishment. Newspapers in Alberta towns should watch for this set-up guy.

ESTRAY--On the premises of F. D. Buck, west half 24-28-10, 7 miles south-east Husar, 1 bay gelding, weight about 1550 lbs., 2 hind feet white up to fetlocks, star on forehead, roached foretop. No visible brand. W. J. Brown, Stock Inspector. 16-18-p

EDMONTON--Those men who go around fixing up peoples' eyes with spectacles will be required in future to show that they know how to do it.

A private bill will be introduced in the proposed session in the legislature for the incorporation of the Alberta Oculometric Association and notice is now being given accordingly. The effect of this legislation, if passed, will be to give the practice of oculometry legal standing in the province and to make every

## FLANAGAN Bros.

**A**

**Merry**

**Christmas**

In all sincerity  
we extend  
Christmas  
Greetings

Let us also express the  
hope that happiness in its  
fullest sense, perfect health  
and a good measure of  
prosperity be yours this  
joyous Christmas season.

**Flanagan Bros.**

Paints, Oil & Glass

Auto Accessories

Father: Forgive us, O Lord, for we have sinned. We have passed the valley of the shadow of death, and we are still here. We have sought Thee, O Lord, and we have found Thee. We have called upon Thee, O Lord, and we have answered Thee. We have turned to Thee, O Lord, and we have found Thee. We have sought Thee, O Lord, and we have found Thee. We have called upon Thee, O Lord, and we have answered Thee. We have turned to Thee, O Lord, and we have found Thee.

help us to know Thee, Father, forgive us; show us every hour. Now near Thee art. Help us to feel Thee near. With unalting faith we rest on Thee. On Thine own loving heart, and lose our fear.

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optometrist a licensed practitioner, thus giving protection, not only to the profession itself, but to the public. Members of the Association will be required to register, and examinations by the university will be a necessary condition in future membership.

Brandon, Man.--The average yield of wheat in Manitoba for the year 1920 was 17 bushels per acre, according to the final report of the Department of Agriculture for this province. The report also states that much fall plowing has been completed, and the land is in fine shape for next spring.

Only a thought in passing, a mile or encouraging word, the lifted many a burden no other gift could have stirred. The talents of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you can do, without a thought of fame. Longfellow.



## Story of Early Bassano Days

(Continued from page 1)

I was standing near the window reading. He was pretty full. I think Jerry had seen him coming, "cause he looked the back door leading into his office.

"He stopped and glared at me. "Huh!" he said. "You work for this outfit, too? Or my calf here?"

"Ask the agent," I started back, and he went over to the window. Jerry beat him to it; he was standing there with the papers all ready. "All right, Mr. French, the calf is here and all O.K. No charges,

One better calf, sign here, please."

"French grabbed the papers and I seen him spelling out some words, using his finger for a pointer. Suddenly he let out a big wide cuss-word, folded the papers in a neat and handed them to Jerry. Jerry ducked, but reached up and caught 'em just as they were falling.

"Out on fire," I shrieked up; but they were too interested in each other to hear me.

"What's the matter, Mr. French?" queried Jerry weakly. "Why are you the calf you ordered?"

"Best!" blazes French. "Say, you little white-collared shrip, you pastidious agent of a one-horse railroad! Don't try none of your cheap jokes on me. Best! How do I know? He may be any darn thing. I suspicion he's something; most calves generally take all they can

get. What I want is the bull calf I bought from Ellis & Co., and I want him darn quick, if he comes." "Jerry had the papers smoothed out again, but he was standing away back from the window, not taking any more chances from that farmer's talons.

"You misunderstood me, Mr. French," he said, his voice pretty wobbly. "I meant was it a male or a female animal? The bill here is very plain; it specifies one better calf. I'm awfully sorry, but I guess the shipper must have made a mistake.

"I'll look the matter up for you, and we should have no trouble in fixing it up. You know, you should not blame the railroad for bringing what they gave them to carry. You better come back in about a week."

"French's flow of language was

something scandalous; I thought at first the station was liable to catch fire. But after seeing no ability to feel relieved, and banged out and went away. Jerry wasn't sorry to lose him, either.

"That blame old ruffian ought to be locked up," he said to me. "I ain't any of my business to see him a new calf, but I've got no ability along the white horse line and the snow's too deep for running."

"Are you perfectly sure just what kind of a calf this is?" I remarked. "Come on out and we'll take a look at it."

"It was dark now so Jerry came along with the lamp. The poor little fellow was cold and lonesome and fixing it up. You know, you should not blame the railroad for bringing what they gave them to carry. You better come back in about a week."

"French's flow of language was

"No fresh milk in Bassano. Will be replaced entirely calf. Important. Please reply."

"No 3."

"J. Owen, Agent, Bassano: "Try it, then ask the calf."

"L.R.C. Deolacher. "When I started to laugh Jerry said: "He was rather worried about a calf some day. It was no trouble to see he had been mixed up in that milk explosion."

"I asked: "Have a milk bottle or werg and the calf putting on a four round wrestling match?"

"Jerry smiled a little. "We sure had a sweet time round here last night, all right," he said. "I took some condensed milk and stirred it up in a pail with a little water, and tried to induce this animal here to eat the same. There was about a half pint, but the milk was in the black-list right."

"I got sore finally and rammed his head down in the pit, figuring he'd have to drink or choke. That didn't work either. He got all excited and knocked me down and walked on me; then he got the pail around his neck and threw milk all over the scenery, including me as part of the scenery. You can see you give him your finger to help him start to drink, and did you want Jerry looked at me with a pained expression."

"If we had a book would have come across with some of your valuable knowledge a little sooner. It would have saved me a lot of trouble, also the calf."

"Well, to hurry along. I finally took pity on both of them, and after considerable struggling, I was able to empty his milk. Jerry wanted me to take him over to the station and be put under the care of the work, but the idea didn't appeal to me."

"I started stormy and bitter cold; there was only the stove to the station, and Jerry and the calf just really had to live together. This was great dope for the calf but it didn't seem to make much of a hit with Jerry. Before the week was up he was near desperate. McPherson sold his cash only; Jerry had bought near all the canned milk he had, and his funds were getting low."

"Also, early used to get home on nights and when Jerry was trying to sleep he would get busy and make a noise like an urban asylum. I could hear him clear over in my ear, nearly a block away; so it must have been sweet music for Jerry's ears, with him still alongside the pole factory. Also, he got here one day and ate a couple of calves' heads and the sleeves and part of his best suit. I couldn't be liked the clothes the best, although, just to show he wasn't playing favorites, he took a few sample bites out of most of the office stationery."

"That stunt near broke Jerry's heart; the next day he rapped out another message: "General Freight Agent, Calgary: "Do me and that calf. Who will see milk and dance late 318. Expect owner in tomorrow."

"Owen. "He showed his answer in the afternoon."

"J. Owen, Agent, Bassano: "Not interested in compound calves. Working for a railroad, not a sidekick. Feed it."

"No 3. "General Freight Agent, Calgary: "No further expressions. What do calves eat? This consignment hauling scandalous. Rush reply."

"No 4. "J. Owen, Agent, Bassano: "Famine experience not necessary. Feed it the same as you got when you saw yours. Don't wish any further communications tonight."

"No 5. "Chief Deolacher, Calgary: "He grabbed the bars and rattled them viciously. Jerry looked on the picture the situation is not serious as it might be, and the present prices are being maintained on creamery butter and also on butterfat. As the markets are going nowadays the milk cow is one of the most important producers on the farm; in there has been less reduction in cream and milk prices than in anything else which is sold off the farm. With fine weather, cheap feed and good prices, there should be a continuation of production during the winter months at very good profit to the dairymen."

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"Heap on more coal,  
The wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Warmest  
Christmas Greetings  
To All

ROY SMITH Bassano, Alta.

To All Our Friends and  
Customers We Extend the  
Season's Greetings  
WEBSTER BROS. LTD.

Overshoes, Moccasins, Felts  
and Rubbers  
AT COST

The season has been late and we must unload

WEBSTER BROS. LTD.

## Buy an Irrigated Farm

From the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Irrigation makes the farmer independent of rainfall, and insures good crops, not occasionally, but EVERY YEAR.

Irrigation makes possible the successful culture of alfalfa, the king of feeders, which insures good returns in dairying and mixed farming.

Irrigation means intensive farming and close settlement, with all the advantages of a densely populated agricultural community.

Irrigation in the Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigation Block is no longer an experiment, the years that it has been tried having absolutely demonstrated its success wherever intelligently applied.

This is the most liberal offer of irrigated farm land on record.

For full particulars, apply to

Allan Cameron, General Supt. of Lands

Canadian Pacific Railway, Department of Natural Resources

909 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta.

### BECAUSE:

you can buy irrigated land from the Canadian Pacific Railway at prices averaging \$50 PER ACRE, with 50 years to pay and the privilege of a loan of \$2,000 for improvements (6% interest); no principal after first payment reduced out of fourth year, until interest if settlement conditions are complied with, and no water rental for first year.

Contract can be paid off before maturity if desired.

During the present very high market on the prairie the situation is not serious as it might be, and the present prices are being maintained on creamery butter and also on butterfat. As the markets are going nowadays the milk cow is one of the most important producers on the farm; in there has been less reduction in cream and milk prices than in anything else which is sold off the farm. With fine weather, cheap feed and good prices, there should be a continuation of production during the winter months at very good profit to the dairymen.

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## Does the Untutored Redman See Beyond the Veil?

A Remarkable Prophecy by K-Ni-sin a Powerful Indian Chief, and its Signet.  
By O-G-M-B-E-S (Little Clerk).

(Copyrighted)

In the Prince Albert Herald of April 1916, there is an interesting paragraph as to a Lac-la Ronge Indian who foretold his death to the day, a week in advance, though apparently quite well at the time of his prediction. This reminds me of a similar incident right here in the old days which may interest some of our readers.

Ki-ni-sin was by far and away the leading Indian in this locality when he settled here in 1864 and a man of very strong character. He had a following of some fourteen braves amongst whom his eight sons were notable as fine big men, skilled hunters and splendid shots, and they all were at that time with repeating Winchester. Ki-ni-sin purchased supplies, and all traps trapped by the band and personally transacted all their business. His wife alone had practically enslaved Zavier Patoche, who was their favorite trader. At that time he was not on friendly terms with the Hudson's Bay Company, towards whom he held a grudge, as parties who had sold the Indians blight.

On several occasions he gave me warning that I was encroaching on his hunting grounds by settling down on my old farm and wanted me to leave before worse would happen. I made several attempts to get on good terms with him but it was not until the year 1887 that I was successful, and we finally became great friends; the first white man, he informed me, that had been honored by his friendship.

Neither he or his small band had accepted the treaty with the Government. In fact, being wealthy by horse, fur and supplies of all kinds, he looked on the \$5.00 per annum (which each treaty Indian received from the Government) with contempt.

Ki-ni-sin had many chats with me,

went on at length on other points regarding his people, finally, calling his family, we all retired for the night.

The next morning, by first light of the time indicated, before the sun had burst into light, my children came running into the house calling, "Daddy, there are two big Indian men outside and they look very miserable."

On going out a glance told me that Ki-ni-sin's prophecy had come true for there were two of his sons, their hair discolored and blackened faces told the story, and sitting down, quietly beside me, they gradually related the facts of their father's death and how peacefully he had passed away—literally step with his feet—was in full confidence of a happy hereafter (and who can gainsay it).

Thus was the old man's prophecy literally fulfilled, and I thought, myself, many things are revealed unto the simple and concealed from the wise.

Ki-ni-sin's legacy proved a heavy one, as it took some years heavy crosses with Ottawa; their hair made more complicated by lumbermen, keen after some square timber on their property. I was, I think, largely to him, David Little, who was Indian Commissioner at the time (who like King Arthur's man was very pretty knight, so personal to him to pull like, also, many of our modern politicians) the reservation became a fact, but the name of Ki-ni-sin, which I had learned, was never had on a deed to it by some red tape clerk. Ki-ni-sin's old friend Ki-ni-sin's house still exists.

Some years ago it was again my privilege to assist one of the old man's sons, "Ma-pa-ni-quap," in which I was really doing him well rapidly going blind and evidently needed expert treatment. After a few days of treatment, I received permission to take him to Winnipeg where the services of a good oculist partially saved his sight.

## Collecting the Luxury Tax

Special Check Stamps With Cancellation Machine to Be Used By Merchants.

Under the revised system of collecting the luxury taxes in Canada, which comes into effect on November 1st, every merchant will be under license. The special stamps will be available for use by the last day of this month.

The method to be followed, it is explained, will give the inland revenue department a complete check on all transactions and the collection by means of stamps will make the operation of the act much more simple.

Every merchant is to be supplied with a special machine for cancellation of the stamps by perforation, and the merchant will be charged a nominal license fee of two dollars. To pay anything for the perforating machine, the merchant will be able to have it available at all banks, and also at the various fiscal offices, so that it will be necessary for merchants to track up for long periods in advance.

It is pointed out that in the case of merchants who persist in ignoring the act, rather than register for the collection of luxury tax on goods sold there, it will be within the power of the department under the new regulations, to refuse to renew the license of such merchants, and they will thus be unable to continue in business.

## Canadian Veterans

In Europe

More Than 100 of Former Maple Leaf Soldiers in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Interesting, as indicating the extensive after-the-war scattering of Canadian soldiers, is a statement for Cross-Atlantic by A. E. Ross, high officer in the English branch of the Canadian Great War Veterans Association, that their organization had been asked to co-operate with the most recently formed body, the Canadian Veterans, with headquarters at Copenhagen.

"There are already more than 100 ex-Canadian soldiers in the Copenhagen branch," declared Mr. Ross. "A truly valuable service can be performed by the close co-operation of the British and European branches of the exhibitor, among our own members come to England, we will be in a position to help them find work and put them in touch with Canadians in the British Isles whom it would be valuable for them to know."

Philosophy.  
"It's a philosopher."  
"That so!"  
"Yes, always telling the other fellow how to worry."

## Photographs By Phone

Message From Paris to London States of Results Were "All Right"

A black-headed-Frenchman, wearing a placard set in a little red hat, is the office of the London Daily Mail and telegraph photographs to Paris. Behind this placard stands a set of a new romance in science. What M. Edouard Bellin—the black-headed Frenchman, recently did between Antwerp and Paris he improved upon, at the invitation of the Daily Mail.

It was almost impossible to believe that an exposed photograph film, both positive and negative, painted on a copper cylinder and set revolving by clockwork could be instantaneously reproduced in the form of a picture in Paris.

It happened. The cylinder, coupled up to the ordinary Londoner's telephone wire, went round and round for eight minutes at a time, after the fashion of the old phonograph record, and, having been stopped, two minutes later came a telephone message from Paris saying the result was "all right."

The picture was a scene in Dublin, with a tramway car standing in the street, while driver, conductor and passengers stood in the road and looked for the hungry-eyed eyes of M. Edouard Bellin. This appeared in the Paris edition of the Daily Mail the following morning.

An old cylinder revolves a little electrical needle passes over every bit of the picture, which is in relief. Vibrations are sent up the telephone wire and cause a tiny illuminated mirror at the receiving end to vibrate.

These oscillations are passed through various magnifying and diminishing lenses to a photographic lens, which, in turn, is focused on a plate of glass, the detail, and so forth, which they represent are photographically captured and built up into a complete picture.

## HEART SO BAD WAS NOT SAFE TO LEAVE HER ALONE

Miss Eva P. Vatem, Kugersdorf, Ont., writes: "I feel that I must write and tell you of the benefit which the result of the degree of my heart and nerve pills. About five years ago, with my heart, nerves and fainting spells, and was taken to bed for about six months. I doctored with two different doctors and never got better, although the fainting spells would not leave me. I would take medicine but it did not prove any benefit. At last I decided to resort to proprietary medicines and Nervine Pills I decided to try. Before long before I had taken more than two boxes I could see they were doing me good. I feel better, my boxes, and an almost cure of those terrible spells. I sincerely feel that your medicine has proved a blessing to me, and I advise any one troubled with the heart to try them. I am confident they will lead me."

## Alberta Winter Fair,

Boys' and Girls' Competitions Will Be Important.

The prize list for the Alberta Winter Fair, to be held in Calgary, Dec. 22nd to 26th, is now in the hands of the printer. Several very marked changes have been made in the prize list for this year, among them being the replacing of the ordinary classes for pure-bred cattle by classes for young stock.

As usual, the girls' and boys' competitions at the Winter Fair will be among the most important. There will be \$1,100 in prizes for the Boys' Beef Competition and the Lamb Competition, and the prize list will include classes for various other stock.

The baby feed entries must have been born in 1917 and the exhibitor must have been born in the present calendar year. The baby feed entries must have been fed and cared for by the exhibitor commencing the first of October until the date of the show, and the age of the exhibitor must be ten years or over and under seventeen years.

The feeding period for the lambs is the same as for the baby feed but the exhibitor must be eight years or over and under seventeen years.

A standard for gold and silver in England was fixed by law 700 years ago.

## Development of the Rich Oil Fields in Mackenzie River Country

A program of big oil development in the north country is likely to be mapped out as a result of information received from the Edmonton office of the Imperial Oil Company to the head office of the company in Toronto, confirming the news that a real strike had been made at Fort Norman.

T. A. Link, geologist in charge of the experimental work in the far north this season, reached Edmonton recently, bringing with him the first inside official news of the strike made by the drillers at Fort Norman in the latter part of August.

The explorer Stefansson was camped on the far end of the same oil field, which was on Victoria Island. The season's experiment has abundantly proved the body of oil-bearing rock in the Mackenzie territory, in comparison with which, Mexico and Peru are in the miniature class.

Samples of the Fort Norman oil

were brought out by Mr. Link's party and will be sent to the company's laboratories at Sarnia, Ont., for testing. The oil is said to be of a high grade with a high content of gasoline. The strike was made at a depth of about 800 feet in the same hole from which the seepage oil reported earlier in the summer, was taken at some sixty to seventy feet. The well is forty miles north of Fort Norman and 200 yards from the river bank. When the oil was struck it came up with a force that carried straight in the air to fifteen feet or more above the top of the derrick from a six-inch casing. The well was capped and two great steel have been left in charge during the winter, the rest of the drilling crew coming out with the Link party in the spring. Drilling will be continued at Great Slave Lake next year in the hope of finding still another supply.

## Helium Production From Canadian Gas

War-time Experiments Showed Canadian Gas Supply Non-Inflammable Gas For Balloons.

Prof. J. C. McLennan, University of Toronto, recently addressed the Chemical Society of Great Britain on "Helium, its Production and Uses."

In the autumn of 1916 the Board of Invention and Research requested Prof. McLennan to undertake a survey of the helium resources of Canada and of the Empire, and to investigate the production.

In Ontario, Prof. McLennan found the percentage of helium in natural gas to increase from 0.15 to 0.33 of one per cent, as he went further west. He estimated the whole available supply at 2,000,000 cubic feet per year.

On the Island of Gascon in South America the percentage is 0.36 and the possible annual supply over 1,000,000 cubic feet.

Following the creation of a small experimental plant at Hamilton, Ont. in 1917, new works were established at Calgary, Alta., in 1918, in the buildings of the Western Canadian Natural Gas Co. A run of three days produced, in the second stage, 700 cubic feet of helium of 90 per cent purity. The purity was finally raised to 97 per cent, 99 per cent being attainable. Prof. McLennan states that a plant could be established at Calgary which would yield 10,000,000 cubic feet of helium of a purity of 97 per cent, per year at a cost of \$750,000.

During the war, the inflammable nature of helium would have made it invaluable for charging airships, but, in times of peace, the small available supply will prevent its use as such purposes. When helium is liquefied, it brings us down to 271 or 272 C. below zero, or within one or two degrees of absolute zero.

As the low temperatures obtainable by liquid oxygen, nitro-glycerine and hydrogen, the heat conductivity, magnetic and other properties of substances are either stimulated to an extraordinary degree or are practically destroyed. With liquid helium available, important scientific results will undoubtedly be obtained. Bulletin No. 3, Mines Branch.

## Well-Known Fort William Druggist Cured

"Marlatt's Specific" Removes Gall Stones.

W. W. Marlatt & Co., William, Ont.

"Dear Sirs—I thought I would write you to tell you of a great relief I received by taking one treatment of 'MARRATT'S SPECIFIC' for Gall Stones and Appendicitis. I was taking different kinds of indigestion cures to relieve stomach trouble for the past two years, and got only very little relief. I had much great reports from customers about 'MARRATT'S SPECIFIC' curing stomach trouble, and I decided to try it. I received over 200 Gall Stones ranging from the size of a small bean to a large marble, and I feel like a new man. My stomach trouble disappeared almost immediately. It is a great medicine, and will certainly remove Gall Stones or any liver trouble. Without question, I am, Yours truly,

Marlatt's Specific. I will sell for nearly every druggist in Canada, but if your local druggist happens not to have it, write direct to W. W. Marlatt & Co., Toronto, Ontario. Booklet free on application.

## Steel Industry in B.C. Favorable Industrial Facilities on the Pacific Coast.

As a result of the report of the investigation committee sent to Chicago by the British Columbia Government to investigate the success of electrical blast furnaces, the establishment of the iron and steel industry in the province can be expected shortly. An electric scrap mill will be established to handle the large quantity of scrap iron and steel now sent every month to the Seattle mills. The committee will also urge the encouragement of the rubber and paper bag industries. It was brought out that 82 per cent of the world's rubber comes from the British Empire, and that the raw material can be had cheaper at the Pacific ports of the province than at Chicago or Akron. They found the grooved paper bag manufacturers of Chicago and Canadian paper entirely.

Scrap iron was used for armor plates in England at the time of Alfred.

## Make your light food nourishing

Put a spoonful of Bovee in your soup, stew and pie. It will give them a delicious new savouriness, and you will be able to get all the nourishment you require without making a heavy meal.

## BOVEE

There are as many different varieties of tea as of roses—but only ONE Red Rose Tea.

Red Rose is a blend, of about a dozen varieties of teas, chiefly hill-grown ASSAMS—the richest and strongest tea grown.

The skillful blending of these teas produces the delightful and distinctive Red Rose flavor.

The rich, strong ASSAM leaves in the Red Rose package are so full of tea essence that three teapoonfuls go as far as five of ordinary tea.



Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea



## Warming relief for rheumatic aches.

HES just what Sloan's Liniment and ointment comfort brought a smile of pleasure to his face. Good for aches resulting from rheumatism, sprains, strains, lumbago, backache, overworked muscles. Penetrates without rubbing. All druggists have it. (Made in Canada)

## Sloan's Liniment

W. N. U. 1339.

KEEN'S  
OXFORD BLUE

THE woman who wants WHITE clothes uses Keen's Oxford Blue, just as her mother and grandmother and great grandmother did before her.

Times have changed and methods too. Rain water and mangles are forgotten. All kinds of patented devices and labor saving soaps have come. But wherever clothes are washed today, Keen's Oxford Blues is still the standard of excellence.

MAISON, SON & CO.,  
Montreal, Toronto,  
Saskatoon, Winnipeg,  
Calgary, Edmonton.